RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS

25 CENTS

RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS

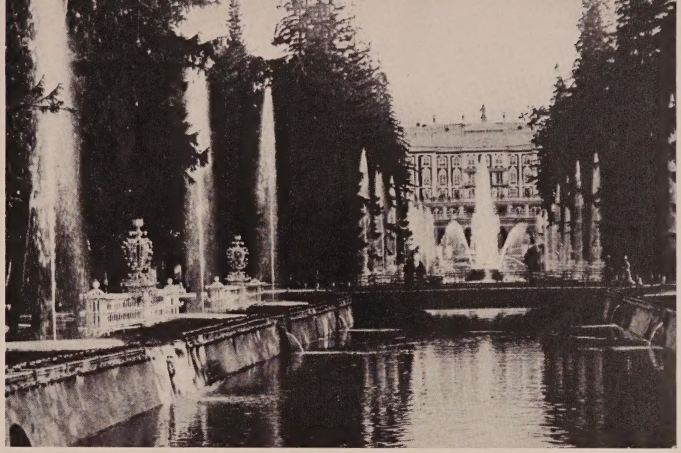
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Picture

IMPERIAL SPLENDOR

● The settings, costumes and ceremonies of the Russian Court in "Rasputin and the Empress" derive their authenticity from the famous Gold Book. This parchment record of the Czar's coronation ceremonial, containing thousands of illustrations, was formerly in the possession of the Art Museum in Moscow.

●

Ethel Barrymore, Ralph Morgan and Tad Alexander, as the Czarina, the Czar and the Czarevitch, enter the cathedral for the mighty celebration. On the opposite page is an actual photograph of the Winter Palace at Tsarkoe, Selo.



RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS

• CAST •

Prince Chegodieff	JOHN BARRYMORE
The Czarina	ETHEL BARRYMORE
Rasputin	LIONEL BARRYMORE
The Czar	RALPH MORGAN
Princess Natasha	DIANA WYNYARD
The Czarevitch	TAD ALEXANDER
Grand Duke Igor	C. HENRY GORDON
Doctor Remezov	EDWARD ARNOLD

•

DIRECTOR: RICHARD BOLESLAVSKI

AUTHOR: CHARLES MACARTHUR

MUSICAL SCORE: HEBRERT STOTHART

PHOTOGRAPHER: WILLIAM DANIELS

FILM EDITOR: TOM HELD

•

History: Story written for the screen by Charles MacArthur

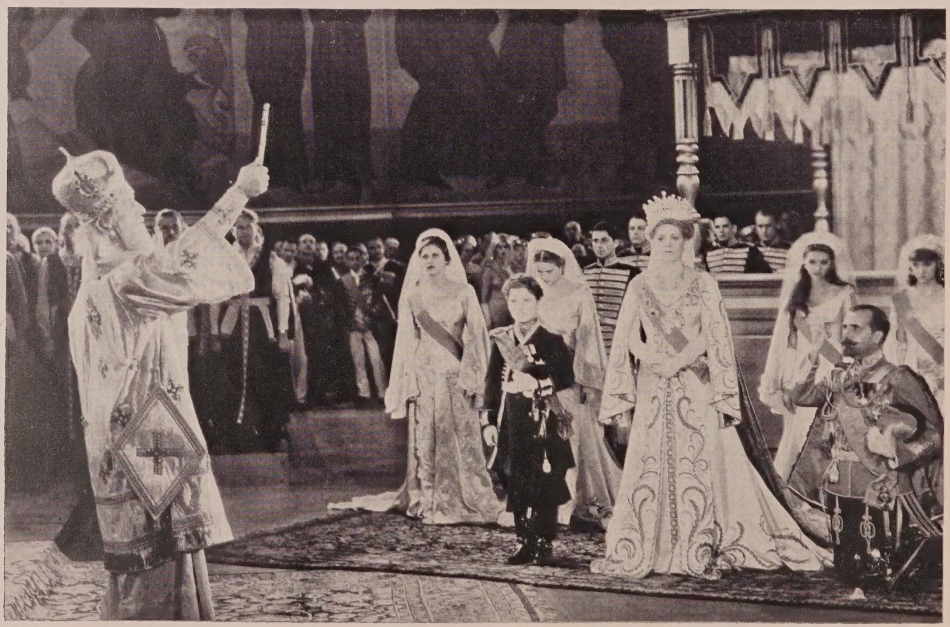
RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS

THE STORY OF THE FILM

BY DOROTHY JANE FERGUSON •

The vaulted Cathedral was alight with the splendor of the sacred rites celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the Romanoff dynasty. The great choir intoned the chants. Bishops in gorgeous robes, priests, deacons, acolytes and altar boys passed to and fro with candles and with censers. Grand Dukes, generals, representatives of kings, brilliantly gowned women, uniformed aristocrats knelt, as the Metropolitan prayed for their rulers. Like a little island in the midst of all this splendor stood the royal family. The Czar, his kindly mien stern with the seriousness of the moment; the Czarina, beautiful and regal in her queenly raiment; the Czarevitch, a straight young figure in his burgundy uniform. And behind them the lovely royal daughters. Three hundred years! A long time. Yet the Hapsburgs thought the Romanoffs parvenues, the Empress knew. But their line would go on. She became heart-fillingly aware of the boy at her side; of the curly head and the deep, dark eyes. She felt a surge of pride. She had given her beloved husband a son. She had given his strange people an heir to the throne. The reception ceremonials still lay before them. But tomorrow afternoon would find them by themselves, a happy family with only Paul and Natasha included in their intime group. Dear Natasha. She was something more than a loyal, loving attendant; she was a friend, if a Queen might be permitted such. And

A Russian choir supplied the church service with all the traditional details in the magnificent Cathedral scene. Russian vocalists and a symphony orchestra were used for the musical settings.



Paul, whom they loved as a son; whom their children adored. How beautiful life was to grant love to Natasha and Paul.

The Czar knelt in prayer for his people.

"All Mighty Lord of Hosts,
King of Kings—
Bless all of these, my people,
Fill Thou their lamps with oil,
Burden their bins with corn . . ."

The Empress sighed. God had been good to them.

. . .

Prince Paul sought out the Grand Duke Igor, father of Natasha and his own political enemy. "Highness, I regret to inform you that the Grand Duke Sergei will not be present."

Igor stood silent. Then: "He's dead . . . The three hundredth anniversary of the Romanoffs begins badly."

Inside the palace a fervent plea was being made. Paul besought the Czar to restore the Duma, the Russian Parliament. Igor was on hand to answer every argument with a sneer and jibe. "Give representation to the treacherous scum who cheer one day and throw a bomb the next? Why not declare a republic?"

"A Duma may stave one off, Your Majesty," pleaded Paul.

. . .

The Palace gardens resounded with gaiety. Paul and Natasha were helping the children assemble their croquet mallets. The royal parents watched the scene, smiling affectionately. Suddenly the Czarevitch tripped. His sisters laughed at his clumsiness, but the Empress, her face ashen with terror, rushed to the supine child. "Mammuschka — he's bleeding." She clutched Paul's sleeve. "Paul, get the doctor—quickly." She knew the terrible thing she had feared for ten years had happened. The dread bleeding, passed from mother to son in her family, had overtaken her child. Paul sought Remezov, the royal physician, who told him to leave post haste for Vienna to get Dr. Wolff. "But why?" questioned Paul.

General Theodore Lodijensky, former commander of the Czar's bodyguard and Major John Peters of the California Lancers trained American cavalrymen for the Russian maneuvers in the review scene.

Remezov answered: "Have you ever heard of haemophilia?" Paul knew the Empress' uncle died of it. "And her grandfather," added Remezov. Could nothing be done? The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Wolff knows more than the rest of us—I hope he knows how to stop the pain."

The Czarevitch, small and wan, lay in his massive bed. His mother sat by his side, feeling the pain he felt, praying to the Virgin to spare him. Why hadn't they heard from Paul? Hadn't he found Dr. Wolff? Every moment was torture. Natasha entered the gloom. A strange, uncouth figure came behind her. "Gregory Rasputin—a man of God. He can cure him—he has cured so many," Natasha pleaded. She begged the right for Rasputin to be alone with the boy. Her faith encompassed the anguished mother. Rasputin entered the sick child's room alone.

Miracle or devil's device? Rasputin had long evidenced his hypnotic powers among the peasants of Russia. To hypnotize the dying boy was child's play. Mentally he dominated the Czarevitch so completely that the bleeding stopped. In one grand coup he won the blind devotion of a woman who forgot she was Empress of all the Russias in remembering she was a mother. Rasputin had made the opening wedge for his rise to power and the Romanoff's downfall.

Rasputin became the talk of the Capitol. Women of all stations flocked around him. His curing of the Czarevitch made him an idol; even his coarse manners and brutal speech proved no hindrance to his steady increase in power. His creed: "Sin, so ye may repent," was met with hysterical response from his faithful adherents. Young, old, rich, poor, maimed and beautiful, women . . . women . . . women crowded his flat and entered into the nightly revels and debaucheries. His devil's blessing found its way into every woman's soul. "Sin, so ye may repent."

Rasputin's hold on the royal household was now assured. He whispered into His Majesty's ear, sowing the seeds of distrust. He learned what ministers would advise before they advised it. He

Natasha and Paul bring romance to the court. Diana Wynyard, English stage favorite and star of "The Devil Passes," last season's Broadway hit, plays the romantic lead opposite John Barrymore.

Even the royal household is not free of Rasputin's search for converts to his creed: "Sin, so ye may repent." He brings about Natasha's downfall by his hypnotism, then preys upon the Czar's daughter.

filled the Czar with suspicions about his officers. He played on the ingrown arrogance of the Romanoff dynasty. Hence, when a wise councillor advised taking the Russian armies away from a troublesome border, the Czar thought it treason. The murder of a grand duke in Serbia found Russia's armies mobilized at the scene of trouble. Russia was forced into war.

One day Paul sought out the young Czarevitch. They had always been close friends; the child had loved him more than any other member of the court. He found the boy peering over a microscope. Paul eyed him sharply. "Aloysha." The child turned away. "My little lieutenant," he pleaded, "look at me." Like an enraged animal, the boy turned on him and with a smothered, savage sound, bit his hand. Paul wheeled about in horror: "What damnable thing is this?" Rasputin smirked: "Is it my fault if he doesn't like you?" Suddenly Paul knew the truth. He rushed upon Rasputin, enraged to the killing point. He threw the monk to the floor and looked up to see the Czarina entering the room.

To the Czarina, this seemed the final blow. Her last friend had deserted her. Paul, most trusted of them all, had tried to harm the saint who had preserved her child. Paul's punishment took the form of his dismissal from the family circle. Ras-

No shadow of the dread ailment inherited by the young Czarevitch mars the garden fete.

putin was given a guard to protect him from further attacks.

The Czar was away at the front. In the Imperial Palace the Czarina took command. But the real ruler was Rasputin. He spent his time enjoying the delicacies which feminine court society had to offer. His appetites were sated. He decided he wanted the Imperial Daughters themselves. Only one thing stood in the way of his success. Natasha, whom he had duped and soiled, knew him for what he was. She watched his movements like a hawk. She refused to let him

General Theodore Lodijensky and Alexander Toluboff, famous architects of the Czarist regime, assisted Cedric Gibbons, art director, in reproducing palace interiors from details supplied by photographs.

Prince Paul doubts Rasputin's integrity and intuitively resents his pseudo-religious interest in Natasha.

enter the room of Marie, Grand Duchess and daughter of the Czar of all the Russias. She gathered all her strength and stood guard at the door. Rasputin brought his evil hypnotic powers into play and conquered her. With the last barrier removed, he entered into the game of converting a new disciple to his infamous creed.

A weary Czarina returned from her work in the army hospitals to find chaos and disorder in the peaceful royal suit. Something sinister pervaded the palace. Natasha awoke from her trance and heartbreakingly confessed her own disgrace and

An Empress reviews her troops. Soon they will be dying at the battle front. Handsome cavalrymen in the white uniforms of the Russian Dragoon Guards sound a realistic and precise military note.

The court photographer celebrates the three hundredth anniversary of the Romanoff dynasty with a portrait of the royal family. **On left:** *Rasputin had hypnotic powers.*

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the danger that lay ahead for the Czarina's children. Natasha had never been known to lie. The Czarina suddenly became aware of the horror to which they had all been subjected. She denounced Rasputin and ordered him from the palace. "Try it, if you dare," he sneered. "*I*, Majesty, am in command here."

The Empress immediately summoned Paul to the royal suite. "Paul," she sobbed, "I've injured you. But I've injured Russia more. What are we to do?"

"I know what to do," he answered soberly. "It is either Rasputin or Russia."

That night Paul sought out Rasputin at his flat, pretending a desire for friendship. There were revels at Paul's palace. Rasputin, eager for new excitement, agreed to come. His arrival and reception filled him with suspicion. He rushed down the

RASPUTIN'S SINISTER

Beautiful women of all stations fed Rasputin's debauched appetites and strengthened his assurance of power over Russia. **On Right:** *The Czarina and Natasha.*

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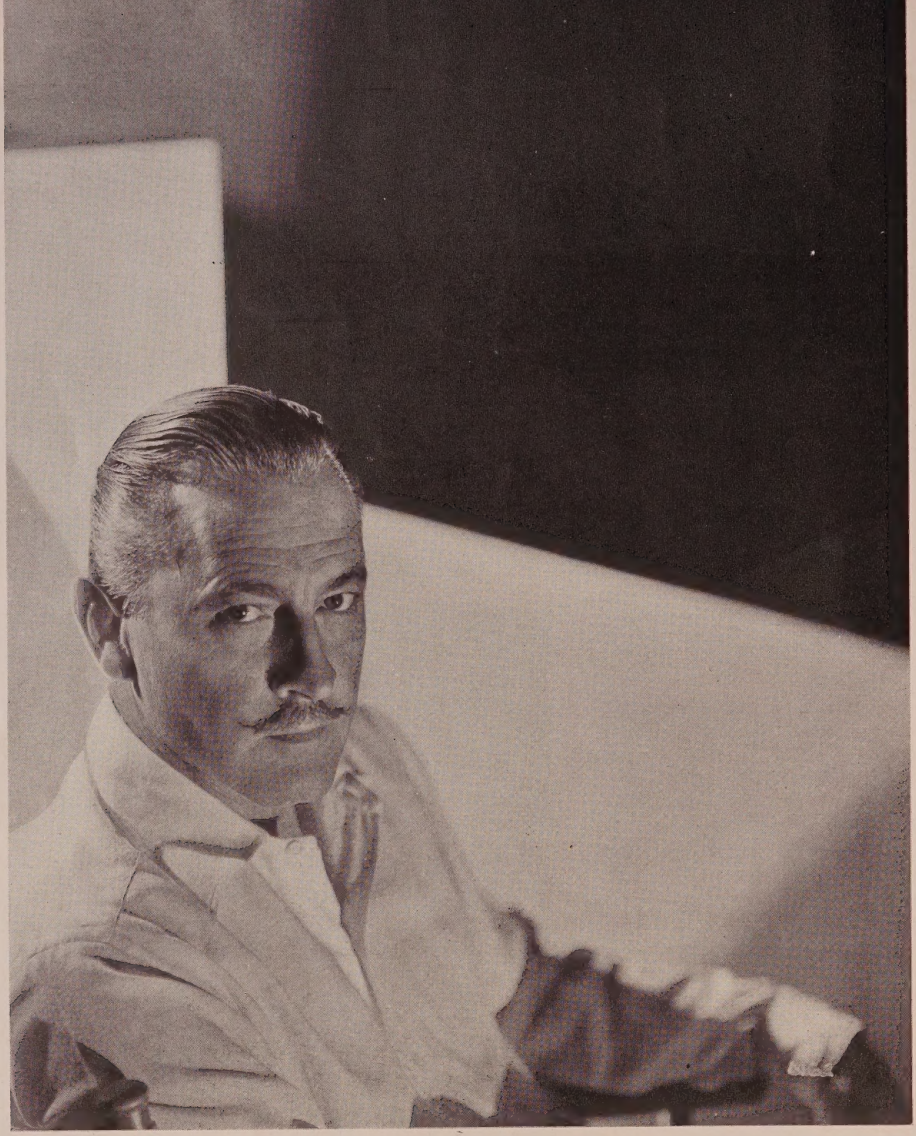
long corridor into an underground grotto and finally found himself in a deep-rooted cellar. And there Paul beat him to death, as he would a dog.

The Czar returned on leave and once again the Imperial family enjoyed a few sweet hours of the old peace and happiness. Paul's exile, a formality which had to be born because of his murder of Rasputin, sent him away from them, with Natasha, the last of their faithful, as his bride. His Majesty pressed his hands in parting. Paul paused for a final goodbye. "The man said 'When I die, so does Russia!' What did he mean?" The Czar replied sadly, "We know. But we, my dear wife and I, stay with the ship."

A few weeks later Russia bowed to a new ruler—a mob. The officers of the mob marched Russia's Royal Family, a family still dignified, sweet and united, before a firing squad.

INFLUENCE PREVAILED



• JOHN BARRYMORE

● *His interests and hobbies express his stirring imagination and adventurous spirit. He travels to strange places, sails the seas in his yacht "Infanta." He hunts crocodiles, swordfish and seal. His home abounds in the trophies resulting from these ventures. His gun collection contains every type of gun from early blunderbus to the most modern used in big game hunting. His aviary houses rare birds. The shelves of his library hold first editions, tales of pirates, sea-lore and priceless ancient volumes in addition to books on bird culture, hunting and fishing.*

JOHN . . . THE ROMANTIC

• BY GERTRUDE GELBIN

John Barrymore, in curls and velvets, tugged at the tippet of his Grandmother Drew—a voluble, shining-faced child and a stately, venerable woman. "Gran, did you ever see a house all painted black?" His grandmother eyed him sharply. "NO! Nor did you." The youngster wagged his head knowingly and smiled to himself. Grown-ups were like that. Perhaps they were right. But it was fun to *think* about things they never heard of.

When Jack was a handsome young blade with a marked aversion for work and a burning ambition to be an artist, his fantastic imagination ran riot among his paints and brushes. Every canvas dripped gore and nightmare. It was fun painting ideas the grown-ups wouldn't buy. It fed the needs of the soul—but the body went hungry. He turned from art to the theatre.

For ten years he was Broadway's gayest, handsomest romantic comedian. "The Dictator," "A Stubborn Cinderella," "The Fortune Hunter," "Half a Husband," "The Affairs of Anatole," "A Slice of Life" and "Believe Me Xantippe" attest to that. In 1914 the movies discovered him. He was a comedy favorite in "An American Citizen," "The Man From Mexico" and "Are You a Mason." Professionally he was leading a Jekyll-Hyde existence. On the screen he was the most popular of light comedians. In the theatre he was preparing for the role that was to make him one of Broadway's greatest dramatic actors. New York had some inkling of his latent powers when

Garbo's restrained fervor and smoldering fires struck the responsive romantic spark in Barrymore's personality. Their glowing and realistic love scenes in "Grand Hotel" were highlights of the picture.

HERE IS THE

he starred in "Kick In," his first attempt at drama; but it was completely unprepared for the sensation he created in "Justice."

A grim, tragic play, "Justice," paved the way for the great triumphs in which he coupled his winged imagination with his dramatic art. It gave the stage the John Barrymore of "Peter Ibbetson," "Redemption," "The Jest," "Richard III" and "Hamlet." It gave the screen the great star of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Beau Brummel" and "The Sea Beast."

As "Richard III," the hideously deformed, royal murderer, he found his real genius for the theatre. And then he transcended that performance with his splendid "Hamlet."

Ten years have passed since John Barrymore acted this most difficult of Shakespearean roles. The glory of his "Hamlet" remains undimmed. His one hundred and first performance on February 9th, 1923, broke the record set by Booth in the season of 1864-5. Perhaps he realized he had done his master stroke in the theatre. Perhaps he believed he had earned the leisure promised by life in California. Whatever the reason, he turned his back upon the stage and began in earnest the picture career upon which he has since continued.

"Arsene Lupin" marked his first screen appearance with his brother Lionel and his return to romantic roles. Barrymore enhances every character he plays with his sparkling imaginativeness. To romantic portrayals he lends realism. The master thief

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Above: *John Barrymore with Camilla Horn in "Eternal Love," which was one of his big romantic hits.* Left: *"When a Man Loves" was the apt title of the picture in which John Barrymore and Dolores Costello were presented as a new love team. (Photographs through the courtesy of Warner Bros.)*

FAMOUS PROFILE

of Paris became a believable human in his hands. In "Grand Hotel" he made the Baron a man of spine and corpuscle against a battery of highly etched characters. In "Rasputin and the Empress," his Prince Paul is as real as the tragic characters invested with the glamour of actual history.

His pungent wit is spiced and spiked. Once he was introduced to an audience as "America's foremost actor." He acknowledged the introduction with: "It's nice to be called 'America's foremost actor.' It obviates the necessity of further effort." He is unfailingly courteous to the people with whom he works, but scathing in his remarks to impertinent or boring social contacts. He likes to be photographed from the left side and with a pipe, although cigarettes are his best smoke. He is greatly interested in the mystic and has firm opinions in regard to astrology and the influence of the planets. This does not interfere with the well-developed business acumen that has made him director of a California bank.

His powerful yacht "Infanta" is fitted out for deep-sea ventures; but he has furnished a cabin for the complete comfort of his children. His humor and imagination have more than a touch of the macabre, but his antics delight the babies for hours on end. He has never been particularly robust, yet he is interested mainly in hazardous and strenuous sports. He is a man of extremes—a fantastic, imaginative disciple of romanticism and a down-to-earth adherent of a realism as prosaic as buckwheat cakes.

And therein lies his genius.

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Above: ***In Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Grand Hotel" his romantic interludes with Joan Crawford were spiced with cynicism.*** **Right:** ***"Beloved Rogue" combined pageant and a thrilling love story. (Photograph through the courtesy of Warner Bros.)***

• LIONEL BARRYMORE

• The Trail-Blazer of the Barrymores . . . he was the first of the three to win success on Broadway; the first to headline in vaudeville and the Barrymore who discovered the movies. His brother aptly described his talents when he said: "Lionel doesn't act. He actually becomes the character he is playing." Actor, director, star, composer, painter and etcher, he is Hollywood's most famous citizen and moviedom's most retiring celebrity.

LIONEL . . . THE PIONEER

• BY DAVID ABBOTT

His sister once called him the genius of the family. Writers have referred to him as The Long Lost Barrymore and The Step-Child of the Royal Family. In reality, he is Lionel The Trail Blazer and an adoring public knows him to be the greatest scene-snatcher of all time.

Lionel Barrymore began pioneering and scene-snatching back in 1902. He played an Italian organ-grinder in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird," in which his famous uncle, John Drew, was star. New York critics devoted their panegyrics to Lionel. "Lionel Barrymore scored the real hit of the play." "This is the work of an artist." "His success is due to his meritorious skill and admirable talent." He stole the show—and he remains the only member of his entire family to triumph at the very outset of his Broadway career.

The following seasons found him a Charles Frohman star. With nothing but hits to his credit, he decided his urge to paint was stronger than his desire to act. He packed his bags and sailed to Paris to study art. Twelve years were to pass before Broadway would see him again.

He returned to America in 1909. John and Ethel were successfully established as stars. Lionel became interested in vaudeville. His family's attempts to dissuade him met with failure. His sister protested that a Barrymore belonged to the legitimate theatre. Lionel liked vaudeville; and it wasn't so long after that Ethel became sufficiently interested to desert the drama for a year in its favor.

Movies were still being laughed out of countenance by theatre people when he decided they were worth investigating. He wandered down to the old Biograph studios and suggested to be allowed to try for a part. D. W. Griffith refused, saying he found stage actors made poor screen material. Lionel answered him with: "Well, I'll just hang around and see what I can learn." And that was a lucky day for picture fans! For five years he immersed himself in movie-making, playing heroes, villains, tragedies, comedies, serials—every kind of production and role the silent screen had to offer. His interest was more than justified when John and Ethel joined the ranks of picture stars.

In 1916 he returned to the stage in "Peter Ibbetson," co-starring with John. The latter had already made his sensational hit in "Justice." To the new generation of theatre-goers Lionel was an unknown quantity. Ecstatic reviews greeted his performance, one critic writing: " 'Peter Ibbetson' is chiefly worth seeing for the masterly portrayal by Lionel Barrymore."

With Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul," the hit which won him the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

PLAYER OF

"The Copperhead" presented him as star the following season. His concluding speech at the end of the play brought his opening night audience to its feet, cheering. Rarely in the whole history of the theatre has an actor been accorded such an ovation by Broadway first-nighters. "The Jest" with John as co-star gave him one of his most brilliant stage roles. His success behind the footlights did not hinder his continued efforts in pictures. One of his big screen hits of this time was the picturization of "The Copperhead." Before deserting the theatre completely for the movies he starred on the stage in "The Claw," "Letter of the Law" and "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

His triumphs on the screen are too well known to enumerate. As actor, director and star he has consistently gained prestige. Critics now go to see his pictures with "brilliant" tucked at their pencil-points before the first foot unreels. He is one of Hollywood's most celebrated citizens, but he hides his honors behind a mild placidity. He despises ostentation and avoids the limelight.

Above: ***Drama, with Greta Garbo in "The Temptress."*** **Left:** ***Comedy, in "Women Love Diamonds," one of Lionel's early Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer pictures.***

MANY ROLES

Screen writers deplore his reticence and respect his keen sense of values and superb humor. His personality lacks the bravura of Ethel's; his wit is not as biting as John's. He is amiable, indifferent and laconic. He is happiest in the workshop-dressing room-office he has built for himself at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. There he hoards his precious moments away from the set, painting, etching and composing music. Climb the stairs to his studio hideaway. Everything is in a state of chaos. His clothes collapse on the arm of a chair. His wardrobe, paintings, etchings, make-up and scores enjoy a glorious, higgeldy-piggeldy disarray. Yet you may ask for anything—and he knows exactly where to find it.

His most characteristic gesture is his way of holding his cigarette, loosely, between his finger-tips. He smokes constantly and always borrows matches. He walks with a slouch. And under his soft-spoken, quiet, disarming manner he harbors the verve and adventurous spirit that have made him strike out and win in every branch of the acting world.

Above: ***Melodrama with Aileen Pringle.*** **Right:** ***The pathos of his Kringelein in "Grand Hotel" has made it one of the picture's great performances.***

• ETHEL BARRYMORE

● *Miss Barrymore's arrival in California united the entire family for the first time in many years. She spent a happy month before her call to the studio enjoying home-life with her children, visiting her brothers, attending studio conferences, and doing research on the Czarina. The above photograph, taken of her when she starred in "Declasse," is one of her loveliest. "Declasse" was one of her most powerful stage hits and was acted by her in the fullness of her queenly beauty.*

ETHEL . . . BORN ROYAL

• BY GERTRUDE GELBIN

Polished broughams . . . satin-sleek horses . . . mustachioed dandies in sweeping capes . . . trailing gowns . . . curling bangs . . . glittering brooches. A gas-lighted New York teemed with the excitement of a Barrymore starring debut. Ethel, the very young and twice-beautiful daughter of Maurice and Georgie Drew Barrymore, the charming grand-daughter of Mrs. John Drew, grande-dame of the American Theatre, the delectable little niece whom John Drew had introduced to Broadway in "Rosemary," was making her bow as star in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines."

Impeccable swallow-tails and draped brocades mingled between the acts to discuss the new star. "I never saw anyone so young who was quite so dignified." "That combination of primness and gaiety is delightful." "She's beautiful." "She was a tremendous hit in London last year." "They say in England she's as well known in society as she is in the theatre." "I wonder what the critics will say."

What the critics said was evident the following day. New York's dramatic reviewers were divided into two camps. There was an Ethel-Barrymore-Is-a-Great-Star-Phalanx and an Ethel-Barrymore - Is - Too - Young - and - Too - Inexperienced - to - Be - Interesting - Wing. For years the latter downed her every effort with: "She doesn't act — it's her personality"; while the former leaped to their ink-pots to pen warnings that in her personality lay something akin to genius.

It wasn't until 1906, five years after her starring debut, that she united the opposing camps. She hurdled the claim that her success was due to her personality, her beauty and social standing by playing Nora in Ibsen's "A Doll's House," one of the most discussed and difficult roles in dramaturgy. She exhumed Nora from the symbolic hodge-podge surrounding her. She made the character a product of the time, triumphing with the newness of her presentation and the sincerity of the portrait as she drew it.

Even in those early days Ethel Barrymore was regal in her beauty. She carried her over-tall figure with poise and grace. Her infectious gaiety, youth and spontaneity were tempered by a wistful dignity—characteristics that triumphed over the footlights and under the crystal chandeliers of famous drawing rooms. Society lionized her here and abroad. It became impossible to say to which she belonged the more—the world of blue-blood or the world of make-believe. Her social standing cast an aura of royalty over her; her theatrical engagements made her one of the "working class." The combination of the two fired the public imagination and she was ensconced in a

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To the right: ***Miss Barrymore at the stage door of the Empire Theatre at the time her adoring public called her "The Typical American Girl."***

niche never before or since filled by any other person.

Miss Barrymore was twenty-eight years old when she starred in "Lady Frederick," the Somerset Maugham comedy. She once again proved her versatility by her deft performance of a middle-aged butterfly whose many romances had made her brittle and sceptical. It was during the Boston engagement of this play that she married Russell G. Colt, sportsman and member of society. There was no time for a honeymoon as a year's tour of "Lady Frederick" lay ahead of her. With her husband and her make-up box she continued on the road, returning to New York at the end of her tour to await the arrival of Samuel Colt, born November 28th, 1909.

A sigh of relief went 'round the country when she proved that motherhood did not mean retirement by opening in her new play, Pinero's "Mid-Channel." She followed this drab tragedy of middle-class English life with a farce comedy, "A Slice of Life," with her brother John as co-star. Her season at the Empire ended and she retired to the Colt residence at Mamaroneck. Ethel Barrymore Colt, her daughter, was born May 1st, 1912. Her next year was spent on the vaudeville stage. John Drew Colt, her youngest child, was born on September 9th, 1913.

Influenced by her brother Lionel's enthusiasm for the movies, she turned her attention to picture making. She devoted a year to starring in pictures, to her home life and

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To the left: ***Ethel Barrymore just prior to her marriage.*** **Below:** ***The family album yielded this delightful picture of Ethel, Lionel and John as children with their mother, Georgie Drew Barrymore.***

her three youngsters. Broadway viewed this with apprehension. Was it possible Miss Barrymore had deserted the theatre? Edna Ferber's "Our Mrs. McChesney," and "Camille" answered the demands for her return to the stage. An interesting movie experience was the making of "The Whirlpool," in which she was directed by Lionel.

In 1919 Miss Barrymore opened at the Empire in "Declasse" to a cheering first-night audience. This play remains one of her greatest hits. "A School for Scandal," "Royal Fandango" and "The Constant Wife" were the plays preceding "The Kingdom of God," with which she opened her new Ethel Barrymore Theatre in 1928. "Scarlet Sister Mary" and her recent forty-six weeks' tour in "School for Scandal" bring her stage offerings to date.

A woman is never more completely herself than during her trying hours in the fitting room. Adrian, who designs screen wardrobes for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer celebrities, has become famous for his impressions of stars gained during his fitting room contacts with them. Let him sum up Miss Barrymore's personality: "She has great grace and a knowledge of whatever she does. She brings reality and life to what a moment before was simply a crown of imitation diamonds. No train is too long or too heavy for her to manage. She gives the illusion of having done it all so many times before."

Truly, a Royal Barrymore.

To the right: ***The royal Barrymore enacts a regal beauty; Miss Barrymore as the Czarina. Below: John Blyth Barrymore, pride of the clan, with his daddy, his Uncle Lionel and his Auntie Ethel.***

THE DIRECTOR

● Richard Boleslavski, who directed "Rasputin and the Empress," received his stage training at the Moscow Art Theatre. After eight years with that organization he entered the Imperial Cavalry School. From 1915 to 1918 he saw active service in the First Regiment of Polish Lancers. The books recently written by him, "Way of a Lancer" and "Lances Down," are the result of his experiences during the War. In 1920 he joined the Twenty-third Engineer Battalion of the Polish Army. His return to civilian life was followed by his work in Russian screen productions. In New York he has been affiliated with Max Reinhardt, with Ziegfeld and with various dramatic stage productions. He brings to "Rasputin and the Empress" his profound and authentic knowledge of Russian life and his many-sided training in the theatre.

THE REAL ROMANOFFS

● Reproducing the intime picture of life as it was lived within the royal suites presented a problem quite apart from providing the production with its authentic backgrounds. Personal recollections and letters supplied such important details as the characteristics, hobbies, personalities, mannerisms and pet names of the various individuals in the family. The photographs on this page depict the real Czarina as a bride and the last portrait taken of the ill-fated family.

A Metro-*Goldwyn*-Mayer PICTURE

This book sold only in theatres showing "RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS." It may be purchased in quantity from AL GREENSTONE, 1547 Broadway, New York.

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